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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

GOD be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past-ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, —if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom,—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1913. NUMBER 19.

An Editorial Symposium

We give below our annual ingathering in the editorial field of the books of 1912. We asked for "the six or less most notable books issued during 1912," giving full scope to the personal equation. Below we print the responses from the editorial staff and other friends arranged in the order of length.

NEWTON MANN—

For religious students the book of the year is Professor William Benjamin Smith's "Ecce Deus," brilliant, learned, astonishing; premonitory, perhaps, of a theological revolution.

Oak Park, Dec. 18, 1912.

JOHN FAVILLE—

I have read Rudolph Eucken's "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal" with considerable profit and not much pleasure. Professor Hermann's "Eucken and Bergson." Their significance for Christian thought is worth while.

First Congregational Church, Appleton, Wis.

ALBERT R. VAIL—

In answer to your letter of December 13th I would say the books of the year that I found most inspiring were Clayton Bowen's "Resurrection," with its blending of rationalistic theology and spiritual experience, Mary Antin's remarkable autobiography, "The Promised Land," Rev. Charles F. Dole's sane, radical and illuminating "Burden of Poverty," and Abdul Baha's prophetic London and Paris addresses.

Unitarian Church, Urbana, Ill.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND—

I have been rereading Goethe's "Faust" and some of Shakespeare, with new interest. Also George Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel;" Kipling's poems have not lost to me, as they have to so many, their original taste. There are many suggestive passages in "First and Last Things" by H. G. Wells; and a clear presentation of the whole labor problem with his rare literary touch in "A Modern Symposium" by G. Lowes Dickinson. Dr. Charles F. Dole's "Theology of Civilization" has given me great pleasure and many suggestions. Of course John Burroughs, John Galloway and Maurice Maeterlinck are always helpful.

Jamestown, N. Y.

ELEANOR E. GORDON—

If Anna Warner's words are true: "That a good book is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up," I have just read three good books, and I want to pass the good word on to the readers of UNITY. The first, a novel, "The Wind Before the Dawn," by Dell C. Munger; the second, a political essay, "The New Democracy," by Walter E. Wyel; the third, a series of short studies by John Galsworthy, named "The Inn of Tranquility." I have read them once but shall read them again and again, for these days I read few books that are not worth reading more than once. These three books might well be the basis for a winter's work in a study club, or for individual inspiration, for, taken together, they touch human life at all points, and offer suggestions on all great human problems of the present day.

Orlando, Florida.

THOS P. BYRNES—

Here are the six 1912 books which have helped and impressed me: "Christianizing the Social Order," Rauschenbusch, another fine plea and program for establishing "The Kingdom of God on Earth." "The Call of the Carpenter," Bouck White, makes Jesus as real, as human, as red blooded, as Bryan and Debs, a brother of Lincoln and the rest. "Socialism and Character," by Vida D. Scudder, is a spiritual interpretation of socialism. "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," by John Haynes Holmes, a prophet's call for a new style of church and preacher. "The Science of a Spiritual Life," Marshall P. Talling, more orthodox then Drummond, but helpful and suggestive along the same lines. "The Preacher, His Life and Work," Yale lectures by J. H. Jowett, modern and practical. One more for good measure, "Dewitt Miller," by Leon H. Vincent. The story of a strong man, odd genius, a high class Bohemian. His story interested me because I knew him.

First Unitarian Church, Erie, Pa.

CHARLES ZUEBLIN—

My judgment on the books of the past year is not reliable, because I have been working on certain definite things, and have read the books that happened to meet my need.

But surely one that every Chicagoan, and possibly every American, should read is the life of Henry D. Lloyd, by his sister. She has presented in very graceful English a most appealing picture of a great and lovable man. We have had no war hero, I think, of greater stature than this patriot of times of peace. The book is marred only by an introduction that is incongruous, because written by a man who did not know Lloyd. It gives the impression of an effort to claim Lloyd for the Socialistic party, whereas Lloyd was so big a democrat that his party affiliation in any case would have been of small consequence.

Weyl's book on "The New Democracy" is a good statement of progressive tendencies today, and Bradford's book on "Commission Government in American Cities" is the best of many books that have appeared on that subject. Walling's "Socialism As It Is" is an admirable account of the Socialist movement from the standpoint of the extreme left. While Walling is so revolutionary as to be scarcely a Socialist, he presents with remarkable fairness a claim that only the extreme revolutionists are Socialists. Havelock Ellis has added to his remarkable series of books on sex "The Task of Social Hygiene," in which he gives a good perspective of the status and task of eugenics, in spite of some irrelevant material at the end.

Boston, Mass.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON—

You ask me to tell you what book of the year 1912

has most pleased, inspired and instructed me. That is not easy for one who has for review more than one hundred and fifty volumes. I am tempted to name many—the letters of Meredith, the life of Mark Twain, the noble story of the Catholic days of Newman, the poems of Vaughn Moody, the fruitful philosophic insight of James Ward and Rudolph Eucken, and I know not how many others.

But when I ask my heart to speak, the answer is unmistakable,—the Yale lectures on "The Preacher," by John Henry Jowett. Here is a book worthy to stand alongside the lectures of Phillips Brooks; a book of winsome and elusive beauty, aglow with visions and counsels, portraying the vocation of the minister as that of a Greatheart pacing the highways of time with healing in his hand; a practical idealist, a quietist in mind and a crusader in service. Touched to wistfulness by the wonder of his office, its high mission and its subtle perils, he makes plea for the power of prophecy by virtue of spiritual insight, setting a lofty standard the while. The note of his intellect is beauty; its depth, its tone, are the depth and tone that go with beauty. Upon every page of his work, as in every cadence of his voice, there is the unmistakable token of the artist who belongs to that elect order of spiritual clairvoyants, to whom the Unseen is visibly real. As such, his spell, wrought by insight into the soul and the evocation of a religious atmosphere, is as old as the world and as mysterious as the wind in the trees. Of what he tells us in his lectures he is himself an exemplar, and his rich and fruitful ministry refutes the lament that the power of the pulpit is waning.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES—

I am a poor hand to answer your annual inquiry about books, as my reading is scattered and very seldom up to date. I am frequently tempted to follow the advice of Emerson (was it he?), "When a new book appears, read an old one;" and I am nearly always faithful to the commandment of Van Dyke (or was it someone else?), "Never read a book until it is at least one year old." It is under such handicap that I attempt to answer your query regarding the publications of 1912.

In the field of poetry I have read with great delight Alfred Noyes's poetic drama, "Sherwood;" Gibson's "Fires," which is in some ways better than, and in other ways not so good, as his remarkable "Daily Bread;" John Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow of the Bye Street," and "Dauber;" all these tremendous pieces of work, and the recent poems of William Watson. In philosophy and theology I have dipped into Eucken's "Problem of Human Life" and "Main Currents of Modern Thought," both 1912 translations of works published earlier in German; and Josiah Royce's Bross Lectures, entitled "Sources of Religious Insight." Here also should be mentioned the 1912 volumes in the Centenary Edition of Theodore Parker's works.

Biography and history have as always furnished rich and abundant provender. My modest table has carried the two new St. Francis books, by Jorgensen and Egan respectively, the concluding volume of Trevelyan's great Garibaldi trilogy, entitled "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy;" the two new volumes of Emerson's "Journals," and the third volume of Prof. Channing's "History of the United States." I cannot refrain from mentioning also Paine's great biography of Mark Twain, and the second volume of Moneypenny's "Disraeli," although I have read neither one as yet. In the field of biblical criticism I have seen only my friend Bowen's splendid book on "The Resurrection in the New Testament," and Prof. Case's "Historicity of Jesus." Here I must brush up forthwith.

The Social question has yielded its usual harvest of books good, bad and indifferent. From the multitude I select for particular mention the following: Walling's "Socialism As It Is," the most informing book on the subject which has appeared in years; "The Immigration Problem," by Jenks & Lauck, which has just been followed by a more recent book by Prof. Steiner; Jane Addams's "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil;" Josephine Goldmark's mightily important book, called "Fatigue and Efficiency," and, best of all, Walter Rauschenbusch's new book on "The Christianizing of the Social Order."

Of recent fiction I am not fit to speak. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray—it is these to whom I still turn when I want a story. Only three new works have received my attention this past year—Margaret Deland's "The Iron Woman," which is a great book; Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Richard Meynell," which is *not* a great book, and H. G. Wells's "Marriage," the last and in certain respects the most important of his recent sociological stories.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Editor's Book Table

BIOGRAPHY.—One class of books is always interesting and profitable. One cannot buy too many biographies or induce young people to love them too much. The stories of noble lives are always kindling. The list of biographies issued during 1912 is a stimulating one. Here are a few of those that have come to the editor's table and are noteworthy: A beautiful interpretative "Life of Cardinal Newman," who found illumination not *out* of Rome but *into* Rome. The "Life of Robertson Smith," the pioneer of the Higher Criticism. His two articles in the Encyclopedia Britannica in 1880 caused his exclusion from the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, but before the latest edition of the Britannica was out he had grown conservative, even among Presbyterian scholars. Morefield Story and Edward Emerson have told, as only intimate friends and neighbors could, the life story of Judge E. R. Hoar. Thomas Nelson Page has found new material enough to justify one more of the many lives of Robert E. Lee. Senator La Follette's "Personal Narrative of Political Experience" has more than campaign value. It is a window through which one may see some of the dark practices in modern politics. Ambitious publishers, as well as writers, could not wait for the death of John Pierpont Morgan, the great financier, before telling the story of his seventy-five years. Perhaps it is well to hurry this biography, for the biographies of financiers belong to transient literature. A "Memoir of John Palmer Putnam," by his son, George Haven Putnam, is more than a biography, it is a section of the larger story of literature in the United States. The story of Mr. Putnam is closely identified with the story of the Civil War and the more humble, but none the less righteous battle for international copyright. Lastly to be mentioned, is the splendid two volumes of our own "St.

Henry." Henry D. Lloyd was a man at home in gloves, perhaps he felt awkward without his gloves; but he was the man who more than any of his contemporaries in Chicago, had the open hand for the horny handed man of toil. He carried a thinker's potency into the laboring man's problem. He was too large to be labeled, though the Socialists may claim him. These two volumes are indispensable as text books in the study of current sociology. They are a valuable contribution to the economic problems of our day.

Sociology.—This suggests the next list of books that deserve to be mentioned. Much of the best brain work of the year is revealed by the long list of books on sociology that have been produced on both sides of the water in many languages. Among the books that command attention are "The New Democracy," by Dr. E. Weyl; "Democratic England," by Percy Alden; "A Defence of Business from a Socialist's Standpoint," by Charles Edward Russell; "Socialism and Character," by Vida D. Scudder; "Religion and Democracy," by Charles Ferguson; "Concentration and Control," by President Charles R. Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin, and "Changing America," by Professor E. A. Ross of the same institution. "The New Immigration," by Peter Roberts, himself a Welsh immigrant and at one time a practical student among the coal miners of Pennsylvania, is a notable contribution to the study of the foreign population of the United States. Those who are so fearful of an influx from across the seas, who are so dainty in their concern about the "off-scourings" of Europe that they see flooding our eastern ports, may well heed the testimony of this man, who tells us that the important thing is not who comes, but how they are treated when they come. There is still reason to believe that the other world is being creamed for the benefit of the United States. It is not the sediment, nor yet the refuse, but the heroic, those touched with courage and vigor, that enter the life of the United States through our ports.

The Woman Case.—Nothing is more significant in the annual output than the long list of books bearing on the woman question. "Woman's Part in Government," by William H. Allen; "The Woman of Tomorrow," by William Hard; "Women in Modern Society," by Earl Barnes; "Woman's Share in Social Culture," by Anna Garlin Spencer; and last to mention, a book that offers a demonstration rather than a theory, "The Story of a Good Woman, Jane Lathrop Stanford," by David Starr Jordan.

Preachers Out of the Pulpit.—It is refreshing to note how much good preaching is being done by the laity, or, in other words, how pulpit platforms are being multiplied. "Farming in the Far East," by the late lamented F. H. King of the University of Wisconsin, brings from China a most impressive sermon to the farmer in the Mississippi Valley. Professor Hoben's "The Minister and the Boy," is a challenge to every pastor, a revelation of the week-day opportunities of a preacher. "The Church and Society," by R. Fulton Cutting, president of the New York Association for Improving the Conditions of the Poor, treats of the enlarged sphere of the church, its relation to the public school, to public health and to public opinion. Somewhere in this list we would put Logan Waller Page's book on "Roads, Paths and Bridges." Though full of technicalities, it is as full of appeal to the public spirit. "Our Judicial Oligarchy," by Gilbert E. Roe, is a lawyer's study of the defects perhaps of the menace, of the courts; it offers a study for the voter quite as important as for the lawyer. "The Story of Two Conventions," by William Jennings Bryan, has been put into book form and will be valuable material for study four years hence, when again the presidential agony is on. Our associate editors will speak of the long and growing list of socialistic books. Our colleague, Mr. Beals, of the Chicago Peace Society, offers a most suggestive bibliography, in another page of Unity, of the peace books of the year. So we content ourselves by simply naming the last edition of Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" and Louis Wallis's "Sociological Study of the Bible." Until recently ministers and the professors of theological schools have spent themselves in trying to interpret the Bible in terms of theology. Here is a man who heralds the new day in Bible study. He interprets the same in terms of sociology.

Literature.—It is not for us to speak of the contributions to current literature, realizing, alas! that we are not able to "keep up with the times." We miss the old contributors and do not recognize their successors, though doubtless successors there are. James Whitcomb Riley seems to be the one of "the Old Guard" who has added a new book, "When She Was About Sixteen." Here comes a brood of new writers and contributers who persuade us that Emerson and Ruskin, George Eliot and even Tolstoy are "back numbers." They exploit instead the new names of Materlinck, Galsworthy, Shaw, Kennedy and the rest.

Prophecy and Religion.—In the realm of the prophetic we speak with little confidence. The year has brought to our American shores in English version "The New Methods of Dr. Marie Montessori," with her startling promises of abbreviated classes and enlarged intelligence, for our children. Paul Sabatier has given us a "Hopeful View of Religion in France," notwithstanding the distracting conditions there. Professor Hinckley G. Mitchell of Tufts College has made a real contribution to the student of the Bible in "The Ethics of the Old Testament." The material is handled chronologically and with insight and eloquenc. Zona Gale's "Mothers to Men" and "Christmas" show that there has come again an interpreter of sociology and political economy into the ranks of story writers. She is the last, so far, in the long line of which Harriet Martineau was probably the first conspicuous illustration. We know not where to classify Mary Antin's "The Promised Land," the story of a Russian Jewish girl awaking under the genial privileges of the Boston public school into marvelous power and rare insight..

Books About Jesus.—Professor Edward S. Ames of the University of Chicago and Charles Stanley Lester, recently Episcopalian pastor in Milwaukee, have written out the story of "The Man of Galilee" in terms of modern humanity, not to say of Unitarian understanding. Shirley Jackson Case of the University of Chicago has laid once more the unsubstantial ghost that will not down, about the "Jesus myth" in his book entitled" The Historicity of Jesus." Joseph Fort Newton, in his "Eternal Christ," has brought his wide reading and subtile sympathy with the mystics to bear upon the problem of that Christ ideal that lies back and beyond the farthest limits of the Man, Jesus. John Haynes Holmes, successor to Robert Collyer, whose name has but recently been added to the

list of Immortals, has written on "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church." The names of Bergsen and Eucken, one of Germany and the other of France, are the latest names to conjure by, in the realms of thought.

Essays and Other Studies.—The fertile Frederick Howland Marvin has completed another book of short paragraphs and detached pages from an author's notebook, entitled "A Free Lance," and has also published in beautiful form his suggestive sermon of "Christ Among the Cattle." "Canute the Great" and "Roger of Sicily," the first written by Professor Larson of the University of Illinois, the latter by Edmund Curtis, lecturer of history in the University of Sheffield, have been added to the stately and valuable series of "Heroes of the Nations." Professor Samuel Macauley Jackson has printed in English the works of the much neglected but one of the most inspiring leaders of the Reformation, Huldreich Zwingli. James T. Bixby has given a study of life's deeper forces under the title of "The Open Secret," with his characteristic insight. He deals with the fundamental profounds, Law and Providence. A Search for Deeper Things, Partners in World-Making, are some of the suggestive titles. The story of the accomplishments of the students working with spades in far off fields of Babylon, under the auspices of the Chicago University, comes to us in a charming and stately volume, beautifully illustrated, entitled "Bismya, the Lost City of Adab," by Edgar James Banks, field director of the expeditions of Oriental explorations, University of Chicago, in Babylon. The "Child of the Dawn" is one more of the long list of books that come rapidly from the pen of Arthur Christopher Benson. "Studies in the Psychology of Intemperance," by C. E. Partridge, is an old problem attacked from a new angle. Psychology is a word to conjure by in many quarters. Let those who are enamored of the study apply it to the present problem. At last the much deprecated cat finds a champion in Agnes Repplier in the series of " Our Animal Friends," entitled "The Cat," which will probably satisfy the animal lover until the expected volume on the Dog appears. George S. Bryce's anthology, entitled "Poems of Country Life," and Professor Bronson's "Anthology of American Poems from 1625 to 1892," carry titles that attract the reader. They are books that will justify the purchaser.

Prison Lights.— If "it is better to go into a house of mourning than to a house of feasting," we will close this inadequately suggestive list of the literature of the year by calling attention to the new light that struggled inward through prison bars into the vision of Alexander Berkman, who has written "Prison Memories of an Anarchist," a portly volume of five hundred pages, to which Hutchins Hapgood has written an introduction, and "Hard Labor and Other Poems," by John Carter, a convict, who sang his way out of the Minnesota penitentiary. This is the only book of original poetry that we find left on the editor's table, except the modest songs of our own poets, "Altar Side Messages," by Evelyn H. Walker, and "Bugle Notes of Courage and Love," by Althea A. Ogden. "Prison Problems Propounded in Prose and Poetry," compiled by Fred High and published by the Lyceum and Chautauqua Magazine, may help to focalize the attention, maybe, to concentrate the printed inspirations of the year on things that are most worth while.

THE PULPIT

1912—The Annual Review

A Sermon Preached by

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

at the

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

December 29, 1912

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

Prayer

Touch us, O Father, with a sense of the solemnities of the hour. Help us to stand in the unvarnished presence of our past. Help us to read with unbiased mind the record of the world. Help us, O Father, to so take note of the flight of years that there may descend upon us a new consecration, a fresh bestowal of the spirit, a reawakened purpose to so live the remaining days that thou wilt give us, each our measure, in such a way that the world may be a little the brighter for our having lived, that the pattern of history may be touched, here and there, with a thread of lasting brightness. O Father, make us ashamed of things little and spirits mean. Open our eyes that we may see the things that are most worth while. Turn our wayward feet from wanton indulgence. Chasten our hearts, Father, that they may give love to things that are lovely in thy sight. Teach us to ally ourselves more and more with thy prophets past and present. Turn our eyes to the future. Save us from the decrepitude of age. Father, we pray that we may have some sense of the immortal life, as we stand at the threshold of a new year. Through the shadows of the year gone past may we see the rising sun of the new day and the new hope. Amen.

Sermon

As has been the custom of many years, I venture to try to help you, as well as myself, by taking thoughtful note of the passing year.

It is always safe to dwell with the Immortals. It is ever true that "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting" and so, as a prelude to our study, let us think for a moment of a few of the names that carry traditions that amount to inspirations; achievements that represent the accumulating capital of the world; some of the assets of civilization.

On our own side of the water, to read the names as they come in the chronological list, there was the great master of industry, who by fair means and by a genius for organization, made himself an Iron Master in whom there was no guile—Richard T. Crane. One who did all that a noble, manly and trained heart could do to ennoble war, Robley D. Evans, better known as "Fighting Bob." Another inherited the traditions of battle and wonderfully sustained a great name and is best remembered, by me at least, for the tender guardianship of a father's memory and the brave alignment in the interest of sobriety and temperance, both in practice and in regulations—General Frederick D. Grant. The venerable comrade, Lombard, whose inspiring song helped swell the ranks of the volunteers who rallied round the flag in '61 to '65; and through the long years that followed, the old songs, as sung by Father Lombard, never failed to quicken the pulses, not only of the "old boys," but of their grandsons. John Ar-

buckle, known to the world, sufficiently, as the great coffee merchant, but to those who knew him more intimately, as the beneficent and beloved neighbor who caused many to bless his name. W. B. Weeden, the great woolen merchant of Providence, Rhode Island, a leading Unitarian layman. I. K. Funk, publisher and editor, and peculiarly a student of the Hither Land; a man who thought he could almost see over the border and who believed that messages ever and anon reached him. Clara Barton, the mother soul of the great Red Cross movement, left us in the strength and beauty of her ninety years. Dr. D. K. Pearson, in the youthfulness of ninety-two years, accomplished his intention to die poor, though industry, providence and trade had made him many times, a multi-millionaire. How rare are the men who succeed in dying poor, whom time has made rich. From our midst, a friend of our earlier days, Louis Henry Ayme, French consul. Sarah Pratt Decker, who led the women's vote to triumph. Horace Howard Furness, the great Shakespearian scholar, a man of apostolic descent, the son of a preacher and himself allied to higher things. The Methodist Church lost its veteran Bishop Warren.

As the year closes, we hear of the passing of the worthy representative of the nation at the Court of St. James, Whitelaw Reid, a simple farm boy of Ohio, gracing at once the world of letters and of diplomacy, whose story is the story of the potency of democracy.

When we glance across the water we think of Father Hyacinthe, eighty-five years of age; the man who conquered bigotry, who confessed his indebtedness, and demonstrated that the new thought of modern man was related to the *old* Catholic Church. W. T. Stead,—humanely speaking, and in the light of history and culture, perhaps the rarest sacrifice of that wanton destruction of life on the Titanic—was a great Gospel editor, a missionary with printer's ink. Justin McCarthy, the great Irish historian; and King Frederick VIII of Denmark, who met the arch-enemy, as we all must, alone, in his case falling in the street and unattended. The death of Matsuhito, the great Emperor of Japan, was promptly followed by the strange and striking fidelity, in these days, to an ideal and a faith in the unseen, by one untutored by Christianity or by Judaism. The great General Nogi and his wife followed their chief to the unknown so that he might not step into the mystic land unattended. And last, I venture to name the heroic figure of the last generation, who with the crudest of creeds, the simplest and crassest of theologies and the most inadequate philosophy, perhaps did more than any other man of his time to carry light into dark places and to radiate gospel helpfulness into degenerate lives; General Booth lived far away from the realm of science and the seclusion of the study, and still this age has not yet furnished a mind sufficiently scientific, or adequately profound in psychology, to properly interpret his triumphs. Already the papers tell us of the innumerable monuments that are to rise in his name in all lands; not however, in the way of cold marble, or stately architecture, but in the way of simple, plain, social and religious centers, to be dedicated as training schools for those who would serve humanity. In defiance of the fashion of Christianity, these memorial temples are not to be built in the favored sections of the metropolitan life of the world, but in the heart of the slum districts.

General Booth represents an attitude of spirit and a potency not explained by his theology. He has compelled recognition in spite of his crude philosophy, which was overruled by a clear head and a mighty heart. His theology commends itself, in one respect at least, to the profound philosopher and lines up with the latest science—*he believed it.* Alas that it should be so strange a fact, finding a man who really believes the theology he professes, and practices the religion he teaches!

A truce to books at this time. That review must come elsewhere. What has been transpiring in the political realm of the United States this year? Two hundred American cities are under commisson form of government. The latest to adopt it has been the city which we have numbered among the most conservative, the great and proud city of New Orleans. The latest thing in the morning's paper is, that a conference of the representatives of the different parties in Chicago has agreed to recommend a non-partisan election of aldermen next spring, thus removing a vicious practice behind which lurks both cowardice and ignorance. The man, in the light of the development of this last year, who still persists in voting a "straight ticket," by putting his cross at the head of the ballot, is by that action convicted of either ignorance or wickedness. He is either a fool or a rascal. I don't know which. He is a fool who does not know that national parties have no part in the administrative problems of a great city. He is a rascal, who, in spite of knowledge, for subsidiary and selfish motives, persists in voting the straight ticket for the sake of a party and at the dictates of a Boss.

The United States has done some painful, humiliating but very necessary house cleaning this year. It was a sad and gruesome story that expelled Lorimer from the Senate and left the touch of shame and suspicion upon the venerable lumberman of Wisconsin, who confessed that he had invested over one hundred thousand dollars in his own campaign fund, seeking office for which he was not qualified by culture, experience or moral insight. There was a humiliating disclosure during the last campaign. Immense sums of money invested in party politics by corporations, which have no souls and should have no part to play in party politics. This scandal has been allowed to pass with so little comment and no little attempt to punish, simply because there was no one left to "cast the first stone."

As against these distressing facts we find Kansas rejoicing in a "blue sky law," which compels corporations, as individuals, to live in a glass house; a law that forbids the handling of stocks and bonds except by companies whose full financial situation is revealed.

The Good Roads movement, the next great economic interest of this country, has been exploited in many ways. The establishment of the Child Bureau at Washington with a woman at its head, our own Julia Lathrop, should alone make 1912 forever memorable. The giving of citizenship in the United States to the citizens of Porto Rico is another indication of the better side, the hopeful side, of our country's lamentable invasion of foreign territory.

There is no need at this time, and this is not the place, for a word of comment upon the presidential campaign through which we have just passed. But it is a source of great congratulation that for the first time since the war, the monopoly, power and tyranny of the parties have been broken, a step absolutely necessary before any new alignment can come, where new issues will be settled on their own merits, rather than be thrust aside in the interest of dead party issues and selfish greed.

At least two mighty labor wars were waged this year. One in Lawrence, Mass., and the immediate suburbs, where twenty-five thousand operatives, most of them of foreign birth, chiefly in the wool and cotton mills, contended for a minimum wage. They asked that no one should be asked to give their week's toil for less than $6, and they asked for women and children that fifty-five hours should make a maximum week's labor; and though the struggle continued through starving, weary months, there was little violence. The militia was at hand but was little called for. The toilers in this strike verified the saying of a woman somewhere: "Beware of the agitation that inspires song." The struggle of these humble men and women in Lawrence found relief in home-made hymns set to home-made music, which served as their Marseilles, all the more appealing because written in foreign though not alien tongues. It is significant to note that after those weary weeks the fundamental demands of this great untrained army were met, with two or three exceptions, and the awful and unsightly struggle for justice was rewarded.

But this struggle of the mill workers in the United States is cast into insignificance alongside of that mightier battle of the English miners in which it cost them half a million dollars to sustain themselves on the starving line. A million men laid down their picks and shovels in England. One estimate states half a million sympathetic men in Germany laid down their picks for a day, to show what they could do; and nearly a quarter of a million workers in France were ready to do the same, for a brief time.

Another mighty industrial army voted in the United States to "stand by." They, too, were ready to help fight the battle for what they deemed economic justice. Just a chance to live. These Englishmen asked for a minimum wage for the man underground, and they fought the battle with the weapons of hunger and patience. Scarcely was a hand stained with human blood. To the credit of the British government, let it be said, that it recognized the perplexity and entered early into an attempt to negotiate the difficulty, and it did to a degree secure attention that promised, farther along, greater success. The miners sought for a minimum wage, but found, as all economists do, that the wage question is so complex that only by analysis and study can the truth be found out. Now, through government aid, the

"Coal fields are divided into twenty-one districts; in each district a minimum wage for underground workers is fixed by a board composed of an equal number of employers and miners' representatives, with an independent chairman, appointed by agreement or by the Board of Trade. No miner allowed to pay and no workers to accept less than the minimum wage. The aged and infirm to be exempt. The act to remain in force for three years. Owners not compelled to open mines or miners to work, but if they do the minimum wage must obtain."

If business is being done it must be done under such conditions that life can be sustained, at least at a minimum of efficiency.

Of course the triumphs of science go steadily on. America has again led in science. A western man, working in the laboratory of Rockefeller Institute in New York, has been able to keep the heart of a chicken beating four days outside of the body, and pieces of a chicken's heart alive one hundred and twenty days, and the Nobel prize in science rightfully goes to him. One of the magazines of the year has furnished an interesting indication of the movements of man on this globe by an illustrated article on "The Doom of the Lion" in Africa. The lion has to go! It has been a grim war all along, but gradually the territory of the great beast has narrowed and narrowed, and soon he will have to give way to the superior orders of life. So also the lions in trade must go! The beast of prey cannot permanently hold himself in the economic world, any more than he can hold his place in the jungles of Africa. The lions in trade and the lions in the jungle will go from the same cause—the advancing columns of science, the radiating light of religion, the slow triumph of love represented by the forces of justice.

I have hardly the heart to speak of the grim and unholy experience of 1912 on the battlefields of the would-be civilized world. At the beginning of the year we almost thought we could see the dawn of peace. We could almost hear the Christmas bells ringing in the international relations of the world. But we have been startled and shocked by the unseemly, the unjustifiable and unwholesome greed of Italy's attack upon Turkey. And now the painful Balkan struggle, fraught with so many cruelties and such sad straining of relations. There comes with it, what is more discouraging—in spite of our pretensions of interest in peace, and of the declarations of officers and office seekers and other men of their interest in peace,—we go on multiplying our armament, adding to the burden of the people the increase of army and navy, with reckless haste.

The morning paper comes to us with the discouraging information that the American most conspicuous in the eyes of the European world today, said only yesterday in Massachusetts, "that the United States is too ready with its conciliations, too prone to arbitrate." He said further that "the only way to avoid war is to be ready for war at any minute." He asked who would want to settle by arbitration an "indignity that comes from a slap in the face?" So spoke the brutal side of a man, for it is only the brutal man who sets his own passion and his own interests over against the organized judgment of the world. The man who would keep our nation armed to the teeth that it may be ready for emergency, is the man who would carry a pistol to a banquet. There are such men, and there may have been times when the pistol and the bowie knife were the necessary equipment of a gentleman's wardrobe, but there was also a time when fangs, claws or horns were the necessary equipment of the brute. That day

has passed in the United States when it was wise to carry arms. You may travel from ocean to ocean and see no pistols and encounter no bowie knives. Let us hope that the undertow of science and religion that brought to our shores the beneficent Baroness von Suttner, and enabled her to deliver her message on this platform and other platforms, in the interest of brotherhood, is to be finally reckoned with in spite of the brutal dependence upon the fang, the claw, the horn and the hoof; the malignant defense of the sub-human, not to say inhuman, life of the globe.

Nature has eliminated from the human the fang, the claw, the horn and the hoof and has made of man the most defenceless of animals. And yet by the process of nature, the dictum of the elder Genesis, he is pronounced the "Lord of Creation," and is made master over the beasts of the field. All created orders are brought before him that he may not only name them, but establish the bounds of their kingdom and determine their place in the realm of life upon the globe. Shame, O shame! upon the Christian who after joining in Christmas songs and praying for peace, votes for battleships; makes secondary this primary call for civilization and subordinates this cause of peace to one of wealth or to the superficial interests of class distinction or the economics of trade.

1912 has bequeathed to 1913 solemn responsibilities, among these is the task of finding by careful research and scientific analysis, a minimum wage. We are to demand by power of law, that the economic world be so ordered that no man shall grow wealthy on the sweat of a hungry man or overworked women and children. I don't know where the minimum wage is, but I know that it is somewhere below the luxury and the effeminacy, the idleness and the style that represents those who stand upon the upper round of the industrial ladder, on the lower rounds of which the employes go hungry and starved. I know in my own mind at least that no wealth is clean and no dollar is untainted that is accumulated through the toil of the humblest employe of any firm who works below the minimum wage. When the man or men retort that "We can't do business and pay such wages," then in heaven's name, go out of business. Civilization does not require that a woman shall ride in automobiles while men starve for the want of the money that has gone into those automobiles. Degradation comes from the top and not from the bottom. If the lesson of 1912 means anything, it means that the humiliation to our nation and to the spirit of civilzation, comes from the indolent and idle classes on the top, and not from the ignorant and underpaid classes beneath. The United States has more to hope from the slum districts of New York, Chicago and San Francisco than it has to hope from its avenues and boulevards whenever the residents on those boulevards turn a deaf ear to the cry of the child and the over-worked and under-paid mother, and despise the struggling humanity. The Mary Antins for instance, who through days of overwork gather sunlight enough and daylight enough to inform themselves upon great issues. They are prepared to better understand the problems of democracy and vote more intelligently than the globe-trotter, who in his selfishness and conceit finds the balmy air of Europe more acceptable to himself and his children, than the heroic struggle and the inspiring air of the continent that has given him his wealth and made him what he is.

The problems that 1912 bequeaths to 1913 represent the great labor question and the great temperance question; the latter no party, except a negligible quantity under the name of the Prohibition party, has dared to put into its platform, or to face as an issue. The forces of dissipation, the debauchery of mind and body, the horrible waste of human energies are represented by the unspeakable and most effective combine in the United States, that of the brewery and the distillery, aided by the policeman who looks the other way whenever the law conflicts with the interest of booze.

This very hour, in Chicago, the city officials are more or less in collusion with the dealers in champagne and other costly things that next New Year's Eve will make the favored haunts of the wealthy, the swell restaurants and high grade hotels and cafes, places of debauchery. The Mayor and the Chief of Police say, "We will not look from 1 to 3, though the ordinance demands that we should, all through the rest of the year." They do this, I believe, not in the interest of individuals or those who want to get drunk, but in the interest of the hotelkeepers who want two hours more to fill their pockets with the proceeds of what will make drunk, and of the brewers and distillers who supply their stock in trade.

I have not yet touched upon the two problems that have received most immediate attention this year. The Woman question—you know where I stand—you know how I rejoice in the interest shown these last years in the question, and how in my feeble way I have taken part in it. But much as I believe in the power of woman with or without the vote, I will not insult her by giving her the ballot through a compromise on any of the great fundamental principles of civilization. Neither can I, for one, believe that a cause so clean and high and just as the woman's cause can be permanently served by any humiliating concession to the lower masculine method of campaigning, such as noisy appeal to the crowd and the defiance to good taste and decent habits of some of the "militant" tactics. I rejoice in woman's power to plead her cause at the courts of reason, I am ashamed of her when she lends herself to the vulgar parade and indignities to good manners. I will not go into details. Read the papers! I mourn over the low standards of men who are sometimes inspired in the interest of the gracious sex by this kind of plea. I am for suffrage. I deplore the "suffragette," if that is the word. The cause that appeals to justice, to science and to reason cannot be advanced much by marchings, street corner disturbances, balls, and all acts which argue the superficiality of the women who ask for the solemn privilege of the ballot. All effective methods of reform must be slow and far reaching. No woman's "function," no society "display," no parade of a crowd, either of men or of women, ever convinced a thinker, or ever enforced the logic of truth, or ever advanced the cause of science. Let us be tutored by the suffering prophets of history

—the quiet, triumphant, onward movement of the men of science, of which Darwin is a convincing illustration. Let us wait the time.

Next to this problem of woman's suffrage which 1912 has left at the feet of 1913, is the other problem of race, for the discussion of which I have no time, but I would be disloyal to my opportunity if I did not call attention to the fact that it is an irrepressible question that can never be solved until it is rightly solved. This is a question that will not down. O, we are so afraid of mixed blood these days, are we? So violent in the presence of any disposition to consider the question of enforcing the responsibilities of white parenthood on the part of fathers who defy all law and decency.

A noted governor of one of our states has defiantly and boastfully declared that he would tear the constitution of his state into pieces rather than to interfere with mob violence when it is visited upon one who insults a white woman, and yet that same state is accused, by the complexion of the men and women who walk its streets and highways, of indignities offered year after year to womanhood. God ordained motherhood. In the councils of the Eternal the shade of the skin does not count, and if the Governor of South Carolina is so much afraid of the intermarriage of races, let him begin to protect the purity of his own race by the suppression of the brutal in the white man. The race problem in the United States can never be faced until the mulatto problem is faced, for every mulatto born into the world is one-half white, and that half, by nature and by fact, the aggressive half.

What of the religious world of today? Last year three great orthodox organizations in Canada joined hands,—Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists. In the United States an attempt has been made to federate twenty or more denominations. This is yet a half-hearted movement, but both these cases indicate the trend of the religious world. Every conclave of religious interest that has met anywhere in the United States, or out of it, has in one way or another borne testimony to an interest in union. The plea is for fewer sects or more potency. The coming of Abdul-Baha, the Universalist of the East, the Unitarian of Mohammedanism, must have resulted in a great surprise to him. Because what he brought as a distinct and startling and revolutionary message, a message that had meant to him imprisonment and danger in Asia, and that would probably sound like strong speech in Europe, was more than a twice told tale here in America. The poor Abdul-Baha was discounted by the commonplace quality of his message. You listened to him here and said in all sincerty: "Why didn't he give us something new? True, it was commonplace, but nevertheless it was a message that overreaches all Christian limitations, and is looking towards a united world.

1912 is almost ready to turn over to 1913 a completed Panama Canal; and the greatest water power that engineering science has ever harnessed, the great dam at Keokuk, Iowa. It is almost ready to turn over the Everglades of Florida to the growers of garden truck, celery, etc. It has turned over to civilization twenty-five miles of railroad on the sea and over the sea, the great Key West Railway. But friends, if we read between the lines, we must discover how our engineering skill has outreached our ethical sense. The Panama Canal triumph in engineering is a humiliation in ethics. It is built on ground stolen, and now that it is built, it is proposed to insult the pacific interests of science and rim that great triumph with guns, plant it with powder, and not with palms, and then greedily use it for our own commercial interests rather than as a bond of union in the commercial world. One, two, three indignities, has science offered to morals, simply because our schools of engineering have been more successful than our schools of morals. All this talk of vocational training may become a menace to the higher realms of ethics. Are our universities to secure efficiency in the lower things at the cost of the inspirations of the spirit? I glory in our engineering triumphs and am proud of our engineers, but I want to keep within hailing distance of Socrates. I want to hear on the campus the utterances of Shakespeare, aye, and the beatitudes of the Master.

So ends my sermon on 1912. May it serve as a prelude to the better, living sermon, of 1913. We are all of us a year older than we were a year ago. We all of us need to look out, lest we find ourselves losing step and falling behind.

Two charming celebrations occurred last year. The seventy-fifth anniversary of William Dean Howells, our foremost novelist, and the seventy-fifth anniversary of John Burroughs, our genial interpreter of nature. Following hard after these, just a year behind, comes the inspiring Oracle of the Rocky Mountains, John Muir, who has carried a radiant face for seventy-four years. Let the prophet of literature, the messenger of love and the interpreter of nature put us in tune with the music of all the centuries and keep us in line with the progressive army of this century, which has as yet contributed to the past but twelve years out of the hundred.

Strengthen us, Father. Give us new courage. Let us go forward in the light of love and the joy of service. Amen.

Correspondence

Editor of UNITY, My Dear Sir:

At the end of a most interesting resume of books as written by Mr. E. P. Powell comes a paragraph about my little book, entitled Washington and Lincoln. The reviewer does not do the author the usual courtesy of even mentioning his name. But aside from this, his treatment of the book is so unusual that I think in justice to the readers of UNITY as well as the author, the book should be either reviewed or ignored. I should have no occasion to find fault had the reviewer decided that the book was not of sufficient importance to notice it. More than this, I should have no ground for complaint had the reviewer reached an adverse impression, calling attention to the inadequate style, the defective reasoning, or the lack of accuracy in the statement, etc. But to write of the book, "Why it should not be called Jefferson and Robert Lee I do not know," is so unjust and superficial that I think a word of protest is warranted. In fact the paragraph as written indicates that probably Mr. Powell did not read the book but only the "Table of Contents."

Very sincerely,

ROBERT W. MCLAUGHLIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y., December 16, 1912.

Book Reviews

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

I wish most heartily to commend the volume which bears the name of this great reformer. Miss Gordon has done well to revise and abridge the large work which she issued soon after the death of Miss Willard some fourteen years ago. Some of the material of more transient character in the original life has been eliminated. The last sixty pages of the book give the substance of the remarkable memorial service in Congress when the state of Illinois presented the statue of the gifted woman to Statuary Hall, Washington, a memorable event in the history, not only of America, but of the world. This material greatly enriches the volume, giving to it a wider historic perspective and the dignity and impressiveness of a national event.

These are thrilling pages. They describe a great life which grows in fame as the years pass. Miss Willard is slowly but surely coming to her own among the leaders of the race. The movement, which she left a world-wide power for good, she found a weak and despised campaign of women derided as fanatics, and it found her a devotee of culture with no consciousness of her own genius. How heroically she faced the adverse situation? How splendidly she gave dignity, scope, efficiency, to the uncertain experiment! How nobly she consecrated her powers to the great cause, then neglected, and not yet sufficiently appreciated in many quarters? How rapidly she grew to the realization of her own gifts and to the mastery, not only of public speech, but of wise leadership and skilful organization? How successfully, with more than the devotion of the ancient crusader, she swept across the nation and over foreign lands, battling against gigantic evils, bringing to her loyal support both men and women?

Miss Willard left behind her, not a monument, but a victorious movement. A movement for God, and home, and native land. Yes, for the conquest of man's worst enemy and the enfranchisement of humanity. It is largely due to her great skill and service that prejudices have been swept aside, and the world no longer thinks it improper for women to engage in public work against vice and in behalf of virtue. To her credit must largely be given the honor of organizing the temperance sentiment of women, the chief sufferers from drink, into an efficient and aggressive social power, with world boundaries, with dauntless courage, with splendid enthusiasm, with varied activities and manifold ministries. She lives in the great institution which she led, inspired and moulded.

The army of the Lord in which Miss Willard fought has not won its final victory. The terrible curse of drink has not been destroyed. But the line of battle advances. Ever since her day mighty reinforcements have been added: The more authoritative teaching of science, the co-operation of doctors and health officials, the strict prohibition of industry and the teachings of life insurance. The outlook is more encouraging for temperance, which means total abstinence, than in her day. And she helped mightily to make the brighter prospect of the present. This attractive volume, which so well tells the story of her life, ought to be widely read. It ought to be in every Sunday School library. Mothers would do well to put it into the hands of their daughters. Both men and women will find it instructive, interesting and inspiring.

Redlands, Cal. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Partial List of Peace Books, 1912

Compiled by

CHARLES E. BEALS, SECRETARY OF CHICAGO PEACE SOCIETY.

BALTIMORE PEACE CONGRESS (1911), *Report of.*

BEYOND WAR, by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg, of Stamford University. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1912, pp. vii, 172.

CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE YEAR BOOK (for 1911).

CEASE FIRING, by Mary Johnston, sequal to "The Long Roll." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1912.

CHICAGO PEACE SOCIETY, Report, 1912.

CRIME OF 1812, THE, being Labaume's Personal Narrative of the Russian campaign; translated by T. Dundas-Pillans; introduction by W. T. Stead; pp. xx+296. Published by McBride, Nast & Co., 1912.

EVOLUTION AND EMPIRE, by John William Graham. Published by Headley Bros., London; 222 pages.

FISHERIES ARBITRATION ARGUMENT OF ELIHU ROOT, THE. Published by World Peace Foundation, Boston; 674 pages.

FRIENDSHIP OF NATIONS, THE, by Lucile Gulliver. Published by Ginn & Co., 1912; pp. 293.

GREAT ANALYSIS. The author anonymous; introduction by Gilbert Murray. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1912; 126 pages.

HIGHER SOLDIERSHIP, THE, by Charles E. Beals. Published by the Chicago Peace Society, 1912; 56 pages.

HUMAN SLAUGHTERHOUSE, THE (Das Menschenschlachthaus), by Wilhelm Lamszus. Published by Alfred Jansen, Hamburg; 111 pages.

INTERNATIONAL MIND, THE, by Nicholas Murray Butler. Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1912; x+121 pages.

MOHONK ARBITRATION CONFERENCE REPORT, 1912.

MOUNTAIN PATHWAYS (A Study in the Ethics of the Sermon on the Mount), by Hector Waylen. Second edition revised and enlarged. Published by Kegan Paul, French, Trubuer & Co., Ltd., 1912; pp. 128.

NEW YORK PEACE SOCIETY REPORT, 1912.

PASSING OF WAR, THE, by Canon William Leighton Grane. Published by The Macmillan Co., London and New York; pp. 250.

PEACE DAY SUGGESTIONS AND MATERIAL FOR ITS OBSERVANCE IN THE SCHOOLS. Compiled by Mrs. Fanny Fern Andrews. Published by U. S. Bureau of Education, Bulletin, 1912, No. 8; Whole No. 476.

PEACE MOVEMENT OF AMERICA, THE, by Julius Moritzen. 60 illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1912.

PEACE YEAR BOOK, 1912. Compiled by Charles Heath. Published by The National Peace Council, London; pp. x+250.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE WAR BETWEEN ITALY AND TURKEY. Compiled and published by the Berne Bureau, 1912.

SWORDS AND PLOUGHSHARES, by (Mrs. Edwin D.) Lucia Ames Mead. 18 illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1912; pp. xii+249.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES ON INTERNATIONAL CONCILIATION, by David Starr Jordan and Edward Benjamin Krehbiel. Published by The World Peace Foundation, Boston, 1912; 180 pages. Full bibliography.

TERRIBLE MEEK, THE, by Charles Rann Kennedy. Published by Harper & Bros., New York and London.

TURCO-ITALIAN WAR AND ITS PROBLEMS, THE, by Sir Thomas Barclay. Published by Constable & Co., London, 1912.

UNSEEN EMPIRE, by David Starr Jordan. Published by American Unitarian Association.

WAR GOD, THE, by Israel Zangwill. Published by Macmillan Co., New York.

WISCONSIN MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL, 1912, 153 pages. Compiled by O. S. Rice, State Library Clerk. Issued by C. P. Cary, State Superintendent (education), Madison, Wis.

Special mention might be made of Jordan and Krehbiel's SYLLABUS. Here, for the first time, is the condensed material

for a comprehensive study of the peace movement. The General Federation of Women's Clubs, at its 1912 Biennial, voted to recommend to the clubs to study international peace. The clubs will find in this "Syllabus" just the material needed. Mrs. Mead's recent volume, "Swords and Ploughshares," will also be found useful. No popular treatise of the present day peace movement in America existed until Moritzen's "The Peace Movement of America" came out. This contains 60 illustrations. It is written by a newspaper man in a newsy, breezy style. A generous chapter is devoted to pacifism in Chicago, under the caption, "The New Chicago Ideal." Professor Kellogg's little book, "Beyond War," is written from the viewpoint of biology. It is one of the most interesting volumes ever written on the subject of peace and treats it in an unhackneyed, scientific manner.

Dr. Jordan's "Unseen Empire" is a powerful and valuable book. It discusses the money factor of the war problem and shows who is behind war scares and militaristic agitation. The best books: (1) Jordan & Krehbiel: "Syllabus of 1912;" (2) Moritzen: "Peace Movement of America;" (3) Kellogg: "Beyond War;" (4) Jordan: "Unseen Empire."

Zangwill's "War God" and Kennedy's "Terrible Meek" will furnish pacifist food for the dramatically inclined. The functions of modern peace societies are set forth in the reports of the New York Peace Society, the Chicago Peace Society and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The Peace Year Book is a helpful little book of reference.

Fiction is represented by Mary Johnston's "Cease Firing" (a sequel to her Long Roll), Lamszus "Human Slaughterhouse." "The Crime of 1812" is the republication of a book (Labaume's Account of the Russian Campaign), which was quoted again and again by peace workers nearly a century ago. Educators will welcome Miss Gulliver's "The Friendship of Nations," the "Peace Day Suggestions," published by the U. S. Bureau of Education, Jordan & Krehbiel's "Syllabus" (already mentioned) and the "Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual" (containing much peace material).

The peace problem is discussed from a religious standpoint in "The Higher Soldiership" (written by the Secretary of the Chcago Peace Society for the use of ministers on Peace Sunday), Canon Grane's "The Passing of War" and Hector Waylen's "Mountain Pathways." Soldiers in "the war against war" will find good ammunition in the reports of the Mohonk Arbitration conference, the Baltimore Peace Congress, Grahams "Evolution and Empire," Senator Root's "Fisheries Argument," the anonymous "Great Analysis," Dr. Butler's "International Mind," the Berne Bureau's compilation of "Protests against the War between Italy and Turkey," and Barclay's "Turco-Italian War."

Some of the bulletins of the American Association for International Conciliation and the World Peace Foundation are very useful. The monthly "Advocate of Peace," the official organ of the American Peace Society, ever remains the most compresensive and authoritative interpreter of the peace movement.

Books Received

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Historic Jesus—A Study of the Synoptic Gospel, by Chas. Stanley Lester, $2.50 net.
The Promise of the Christ Age in Recent Literature, by William Eugene Mosher, Ph.D., $1.25 net.
A Prisoner of War in Virginia, by George Haven Putnam, $0.75 net.
The American Occupation of the Philippines, by James H. Blount.
Gates of Knowledge, by Rudolph Steiner, $1.25 net.
The White Shield, by Myrtle Reed, $1.50 net.
Shenandoah, by Bronson and Henry Tyrrell, $1.35 net.
With the Merry Austrians, by Amy McLaren, $1.25 net.
Works of Zwingli, by Samuel Jackson, D.D., $2.00 net.
The Great Illusion, by Norman Angell, $1.00 net.
The Japanese Nation, by Inazo Nitobe, A.M., $1.50 net.
Bismya, or The Lost City of Adab, by Edgar James Banks, $5.00 net.
George Palmer Putnam, by George Haven Putnam, $2.00 net.
The Blackberry Pickers, by Evelyn St. Leger, $1.25 net.
Roger of Sicily, by Edmund Curtis, $1.50 net.
Canute the Great, by Lawrence Marcellus Larson, $1.50 net.
Palmers Green, by Stewart Caven, $1.25 net.
Ancient Philosophy, by A. W. Benn, $0.75 net.
Thy Rod and Thy Staff, by Arthur Christopher Benson, $1.50.
Religion in China, by J. J. MacGroot, $1.50.
The Upas Tree, by Florence L. Barclay, $1.00 net.
Swords and Ploughshares, by Lucia A. Mead, $1.50 net.
The Woman Movement, by Ellen Key, $1.50 net.

B. W. Huebsch, New York.

The Super Race (The Art of Life Series), by Scott Nearing, $0.50 net.
Our Judicial Oligarchy, by Gilbert E. Rae.
The Burden of Poverty (Art of Life Series), by Chas. F. Dole, $0.50 net.
Applied Socialism, by John Spargo, $1.50 net.
Woman in Modern Society, by Earl Barnes.
Atlantis, by Gerhart Haptmann, $1.50 net.

American Unitarian Association.

Unseen Empire, by David Starr Jordan, $1.25 net.
The Open Secret, by James Thompson Bixby, $1.25 net.
The Story of a Good Woman, by David Starr Jordan, $0.75 net.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.

The Minister and the Boy, by Allen Hoben, $1.00 net.
Old Testament Story, by Charles H. Corbett, $0.50 net.
American Poems, by Walter C. Bronson, $1.50 net.
The Ethics of the Old Testament, by Hinckley G. Mitchell, $2.00 net.

Sherman French & Co., Boston, Mass.

Christ Among the Cattle, by Frederick Rowland Marvin, $0.60 net.
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About twenty-five, perhaps more nearly thirty, years ago the Rev. Eli Corwin, then but just returned from five years' missionary work in the Sandwich Islands, lectured at Clear Lake, Iowa, during the S. S. Assembly annually held there. The subject of his lecture was: "Funny Things I Saw In the Sandwich Islands." Among many interesting and amusing incidents, I have selected one which I think will bear repeating, as it affords a very striking illustration of what all who are engaged in the work of education, whether in the pulpit or elsewhere, must expect to contend with to a greater or less degree.

Dr. Corwin in his sermon to the Sandwich Islanders one Sunday had tried to illustrate the tendency of his hearers to "back slide" by the story so familiar to us, of the boy who slipped two steps backward for each step forward on his way to school one winter's morning, and reached his destination only by turning around and starting for home. He told them that what they needed, to go right, was to do as the little boy did, turn squarely about and go in the opposite direction. He lectured through an interpreter and said he never knew how well they understood him. He left it for us to decide from the following essay which was written and read by a little boy in school the next week.

"Much I could go, same that boy which the minister recite the last Sabbath, were going to school and snow spread on the ground that boy could go fast. Then he turns his back forward and he go fast quick he can, because only reason he going so when he going just same before, one step forward, then he step two steps backward, he going same way. He thought he could go faster, that which is he turn his backwards before, and how quick he can go as well as he go front."

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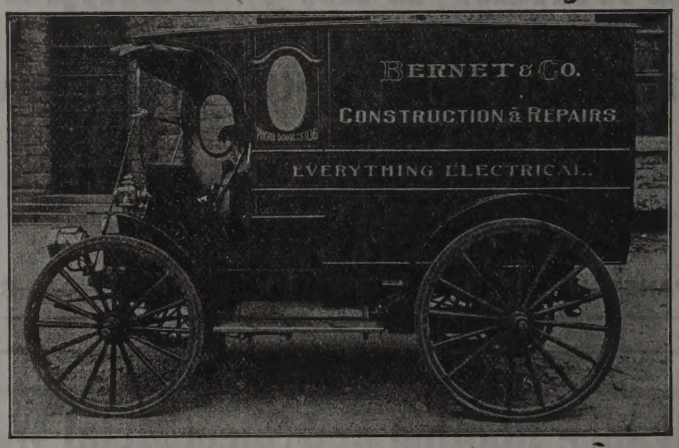

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